The MAID of the MILL

A favorite Dialogue

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Martyr in the Musical Entertainment of

ROSINA

Composed by W. Shield.

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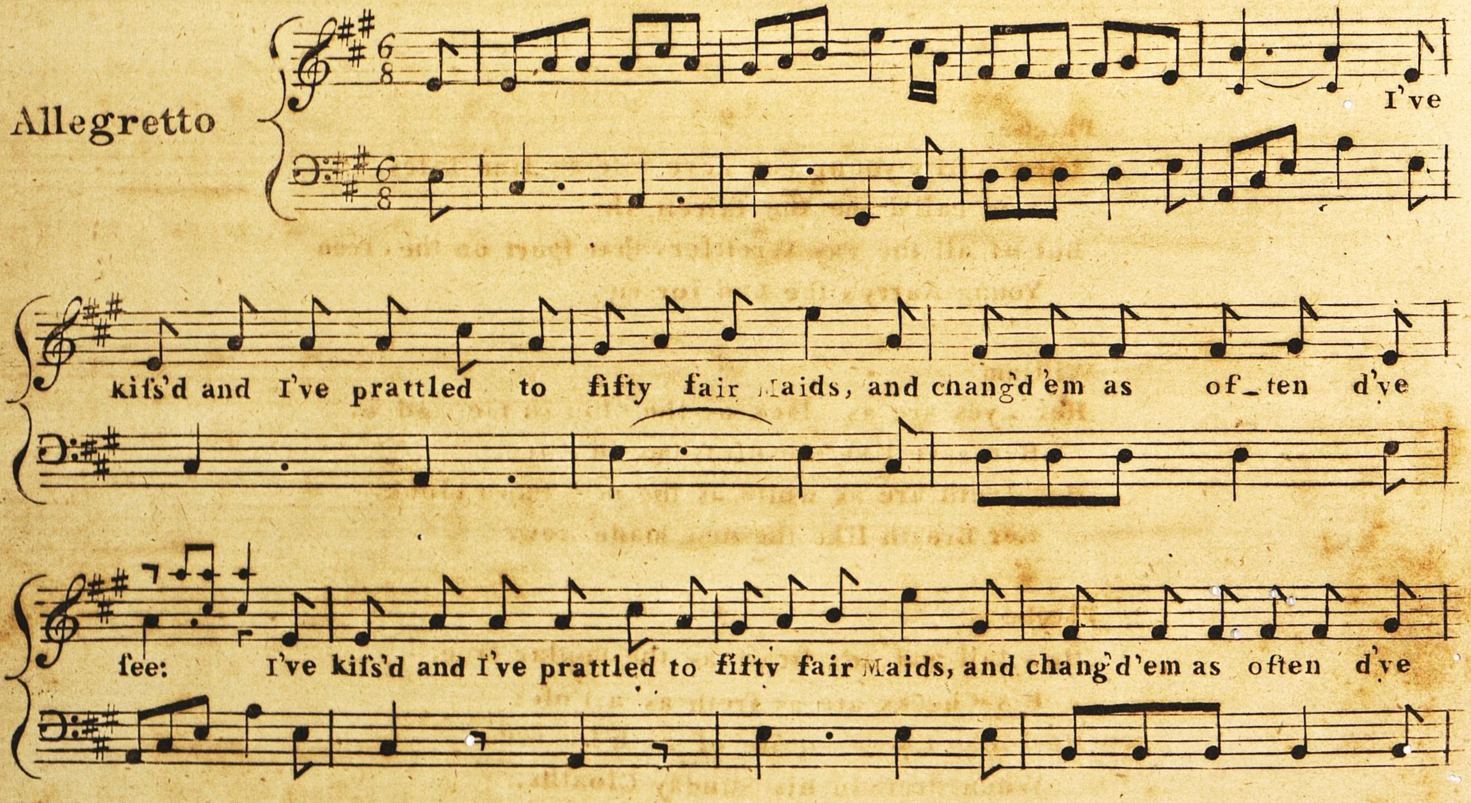
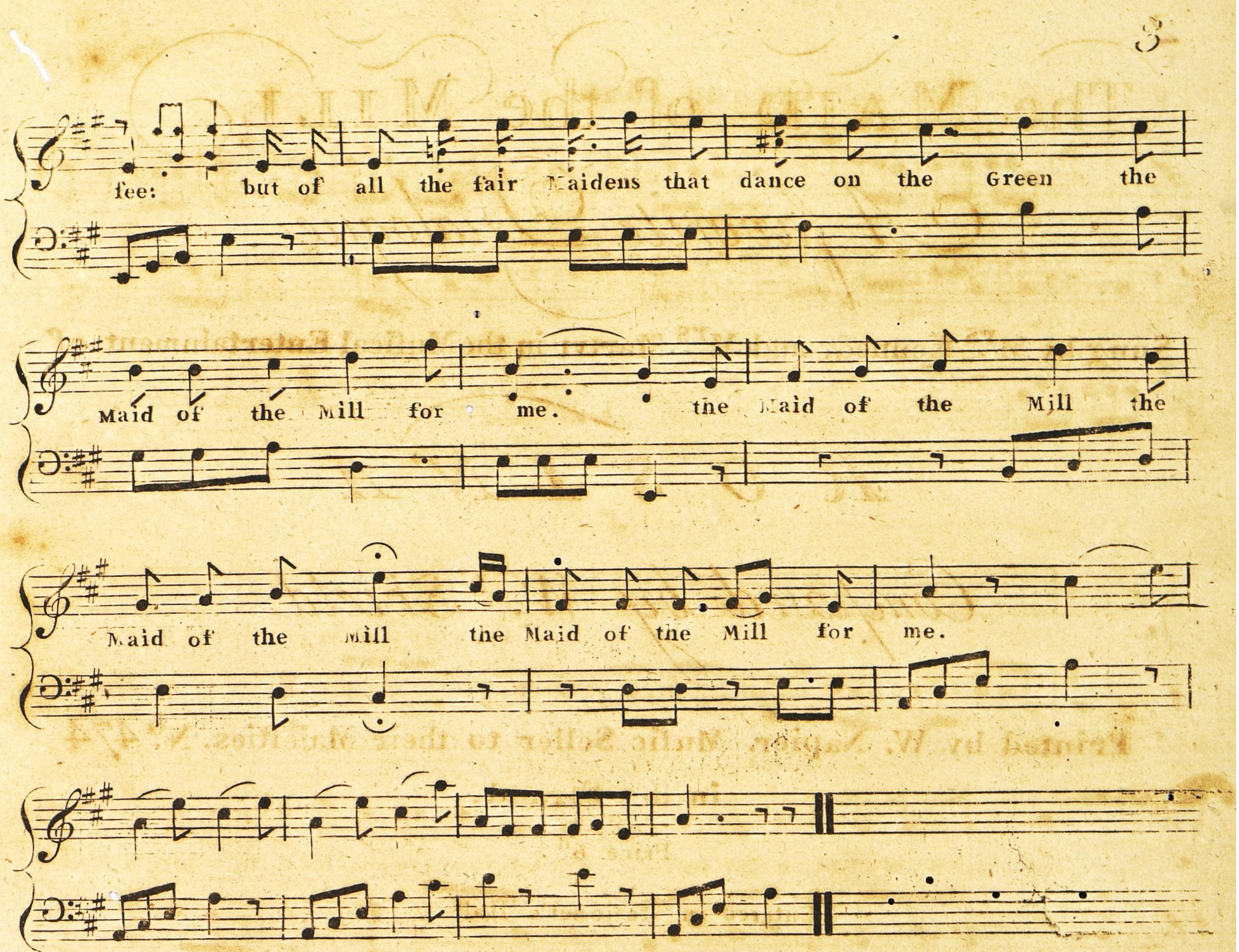




Phœbe 2

There's fifty young Men have told me fine Tales,
And call'd me the faireſt She;
But of all the gay Wreſtlers that ſport on the Green
Young Harry's the Lad for me.

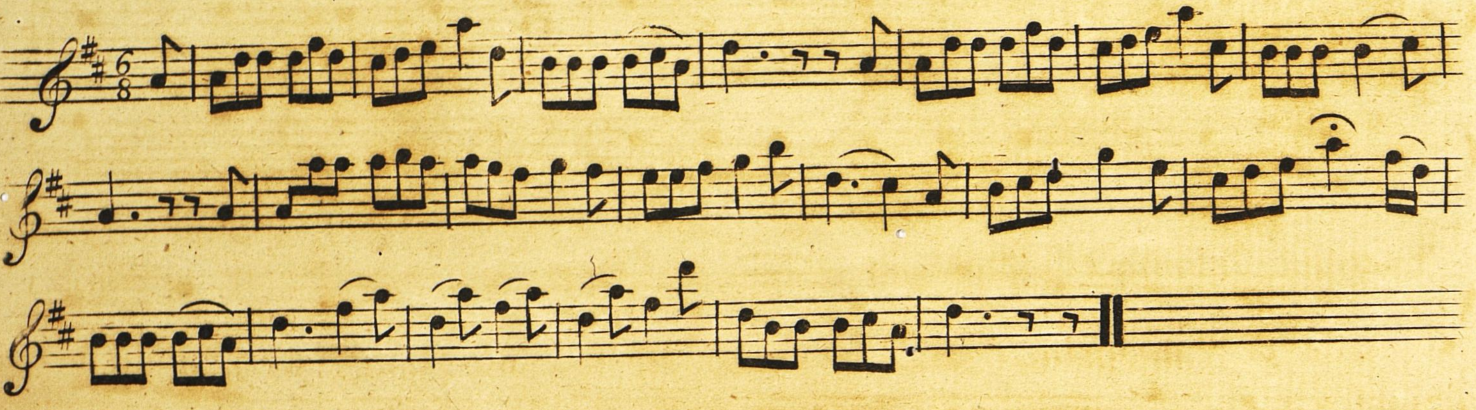
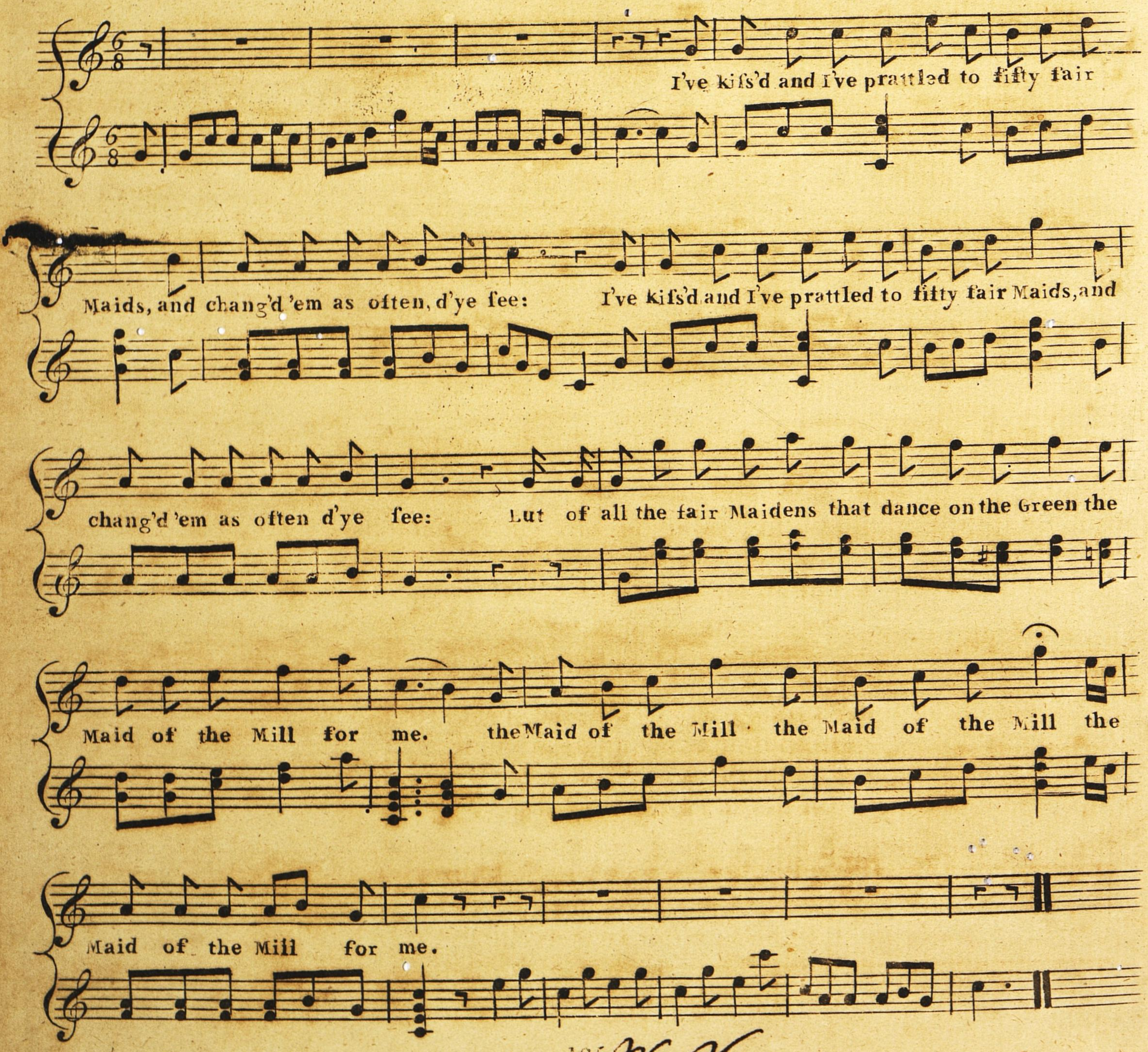
William 3

Her Eyes are as black as the Sloe in the Hedge,
Her Face like the Bloſsoms in May:
Her Teeth are as white as the new ſhorn Flock,
Her Breath like the new made Hay.

Phœbe 4

He's tall and he's ſtrait as the Poplar Tree,
His Cheeks are as freſh as a Roſe:
He looks like a Squire of high Degree
When dreſt in his Sunday Cloaths.

German Flute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